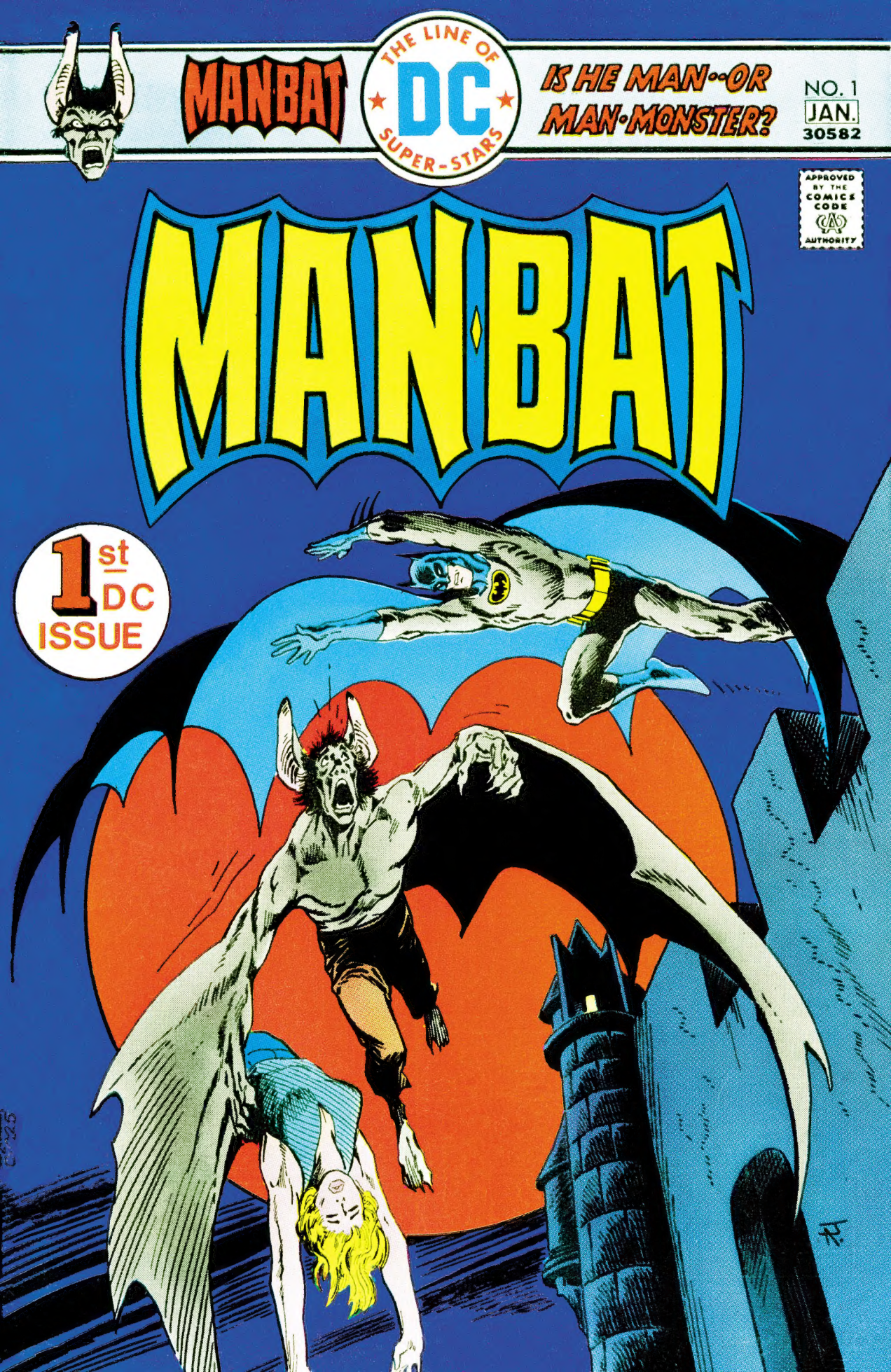
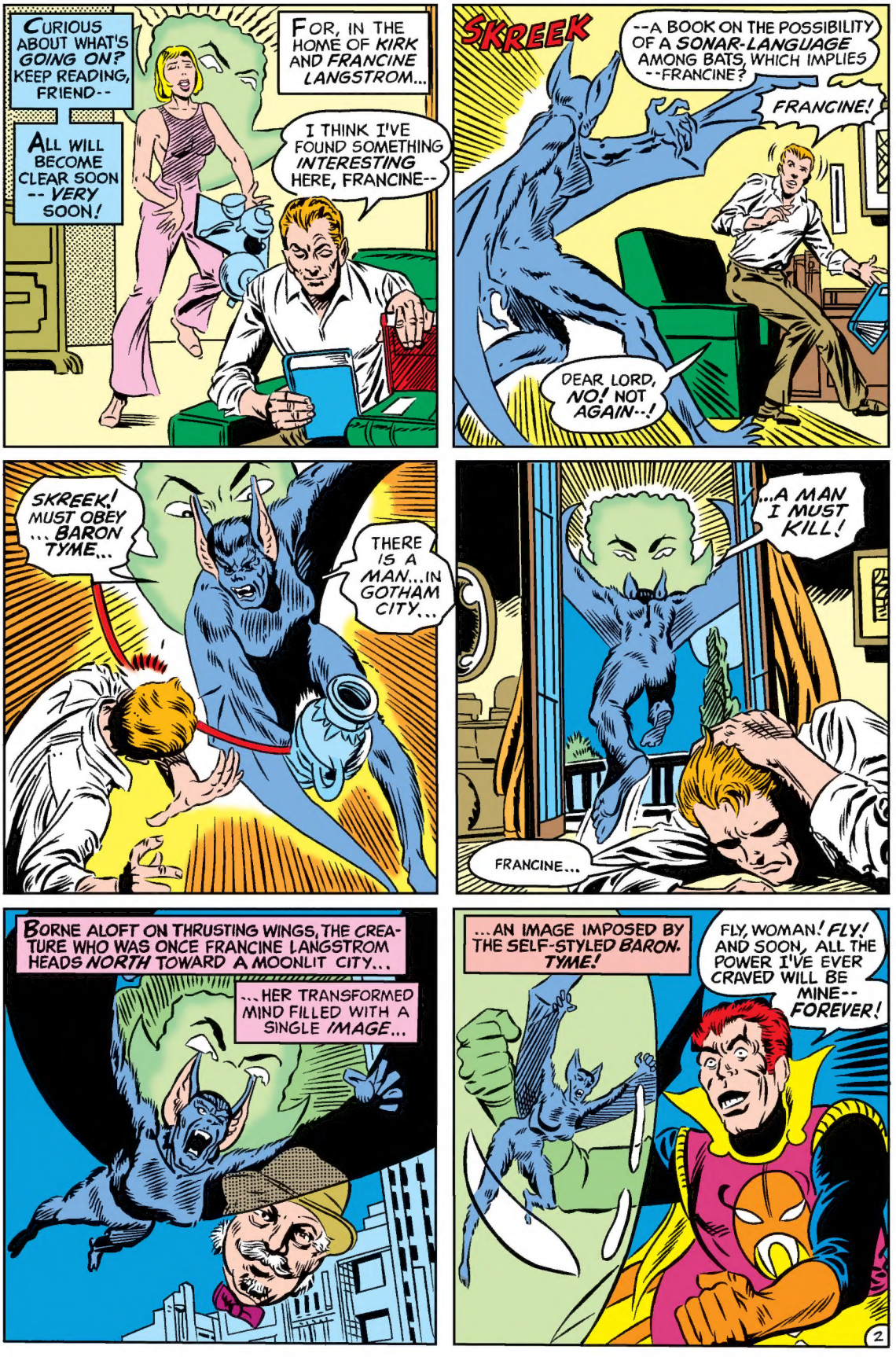
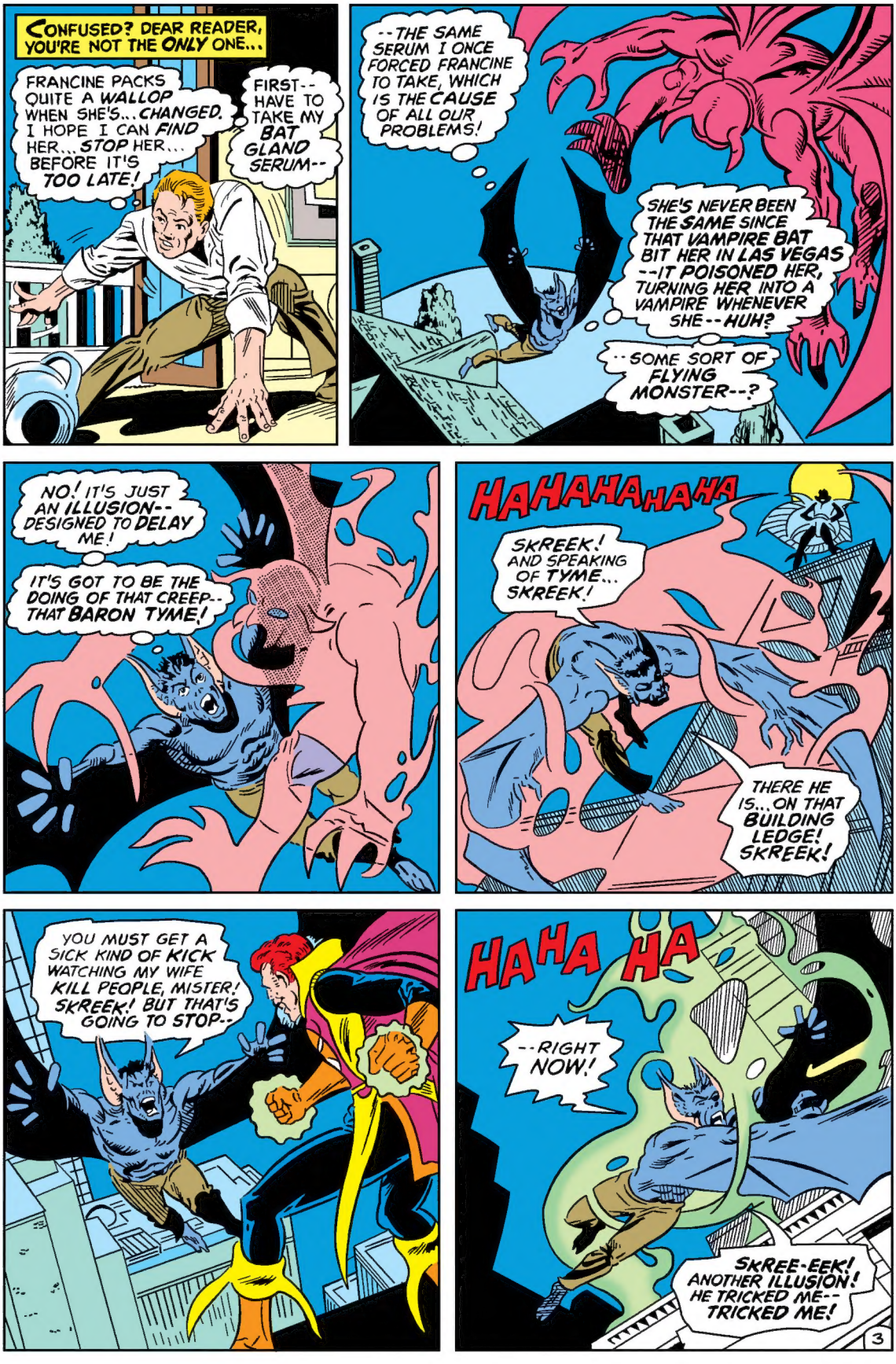
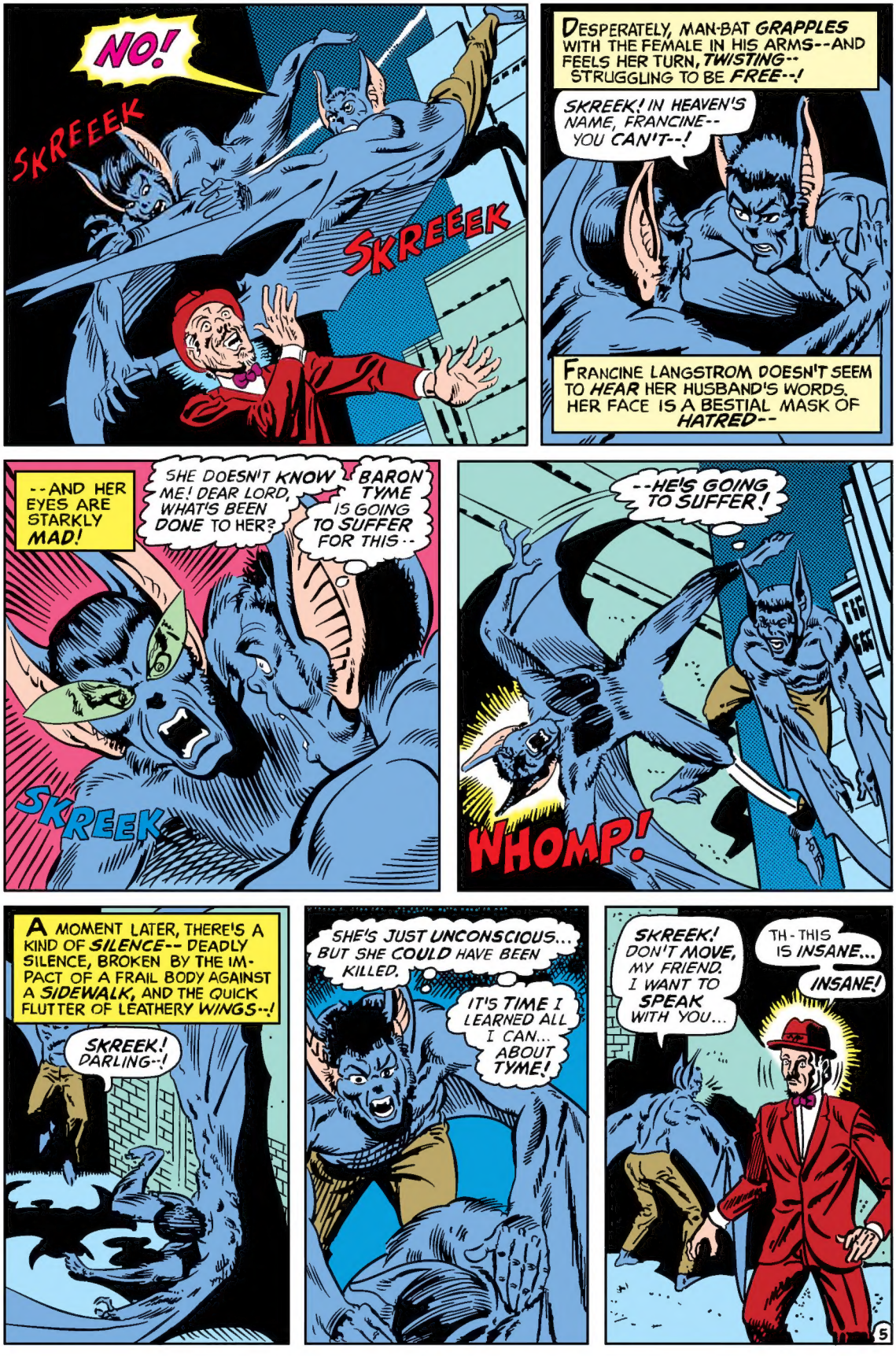

MAN-BAT
THE LINE OF
DC
SUPER-STARS
IS HE MAN--OR MAN-MONSTER?
NO. 1
JAN.
30582
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MAN-BAT
1st DC ISSUE

BEGINNING: A BOLD NEW SERIES FEATURING FANTASY'S MOST BIZARRE HERO--
THE MACABRE MANBAT
BEWARE the EYES of BARON TYME
GUEST-STARRING BATMAN
HEED ME, FRANCINE LANGSTROM: HEED THE VOICE OF YOUR MASTER!
YOU WILL SHED YOUR MORTAL FORM, AND FLY ONCE MORE AS THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT-- SHE-BAT!
YOU WILL FLY-- AND YOU WILL SLAY--
--FOR SUCH IS THE COMMAND OF BARON TYME!
A TALE OF TERROR IN GOTHAM CITY...
Presented by: GERRY CONWAY (Writer/Editor) • STEVE DITKO (Penciller) • AL MILGROM (Inker)


CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON? KEEP READING, FRIEND--
ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR SOON -- VERY SOON!
FOR, IN THE HOME OF KIRK AND FRANCINE LANGSTROM...
I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE, FRANCINE--
SKREEK
--A BOOK ON THE POSSIBILITY OF A SONAR-LANGUAGE AMONG BATS, WHICH IMPLIES --FRANCINE?
FRANCINE!
DEAR LORD, NO! NOT AGAIN--!
SKREEK! MUST OBEY ... BARON TYME...
THERE IS A MAN...IN GOTHAM CITY...
...A MAN I MUST KILL!
FRANCINE...
BORNE ALOFT ON THRUSTING WINGS, THE CREATURE WHO WAS ONCE FRANCINE LANGSTROM HEADS NORTH TOWARD A MOONLIT CITY...
...HER TRANSFORMED MIND FILLED WITH A SINGLE IMAGE...
...AN IMAGE IMPOSED BY THE SELF-STYLED BARON TYME!
FLY, WOMAN! FLY! AND SOON, ALL THE POWER I'VE EVER CRAVED WILL BE MINE-- FOREVER!
2

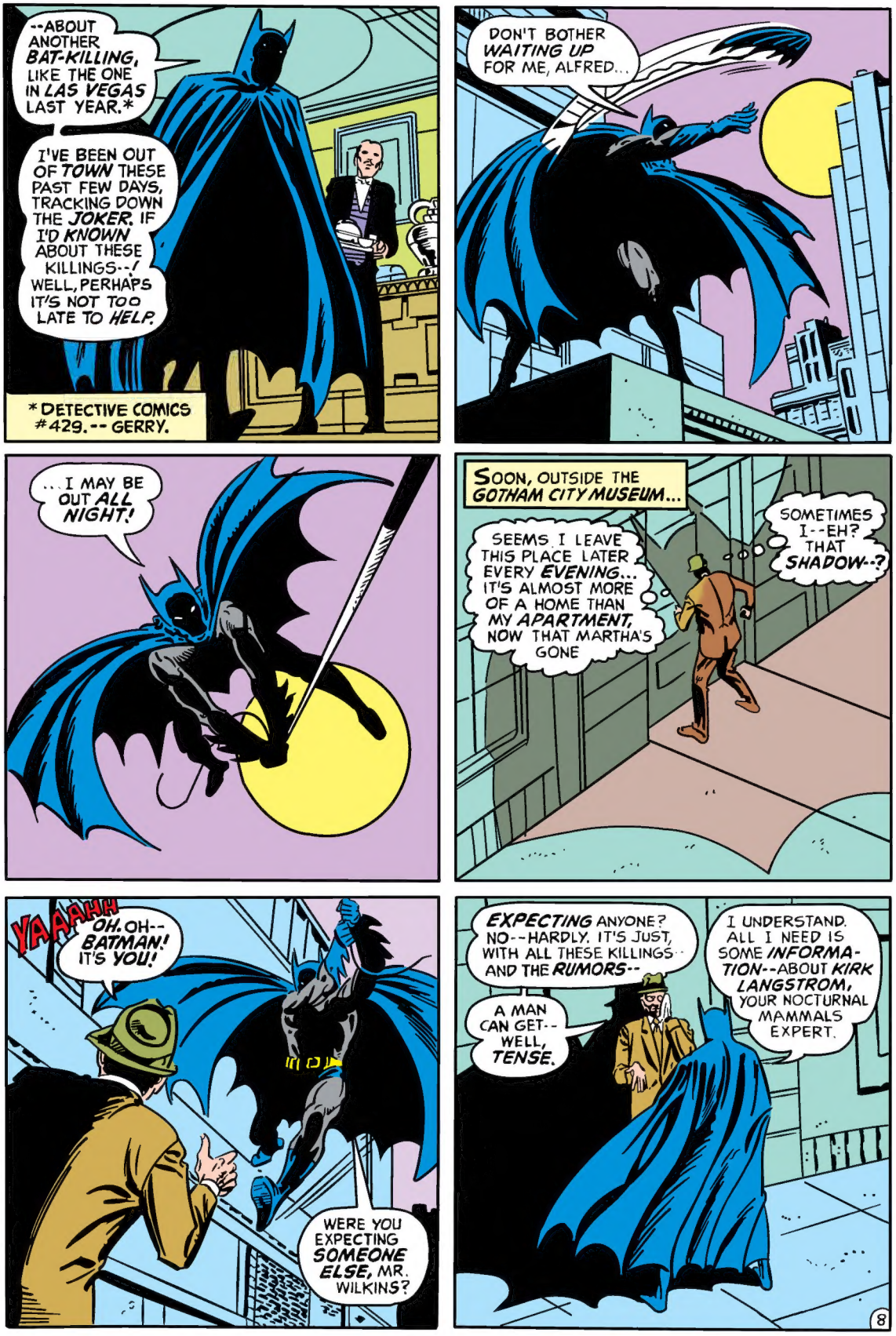

CONFUSED? DEAR READER, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE...
FRANCINE PACKS QUITE A WALLOP WHEN SHE'S... CHANGED. I HOPE I CAN FIND HER... STOP HER... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
FIRST-- HAVE TO TAKE MY BAT GLAND SERUM--
--THE SAME SERUM I ONCE FORCED FRANCINE TO TAKE, WHICH IS THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR PROBLEMS!
SHE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT VAMPIRE BAT BIT HER IN LAS VEGAS --IT POISONED HER, TURNING HER INTO A VAMPIRE WHENEVER SHE-- HUH?
--SOME SORT OF FLYING MONSTER--?
NO! IT'S JUST AN ILLUSION-- DESIGNED TO DELAY ME!
IT'S GOT TO BE THE DOING OF THAT CREEP-- THAT BARON TYME!
HAHAHAHAHA
SKREEK! AND SPEAKING OF TYME... SKREEK!
THERE HE IS... ON THAT BUILDING LEDGE! SKREEK!
YOU MUST GET A SICK KIND OF KICK WATCHING MY WIFE KILL PEOPLE, MISTER! SKREEK! BUT THAT'S GOING TO STOP--
HAHA HA
--RIGHT NOW!
SKREE-EEK! ANOTHER ILLUSION! HE TRICKED ME-- TRICKED ME!
3

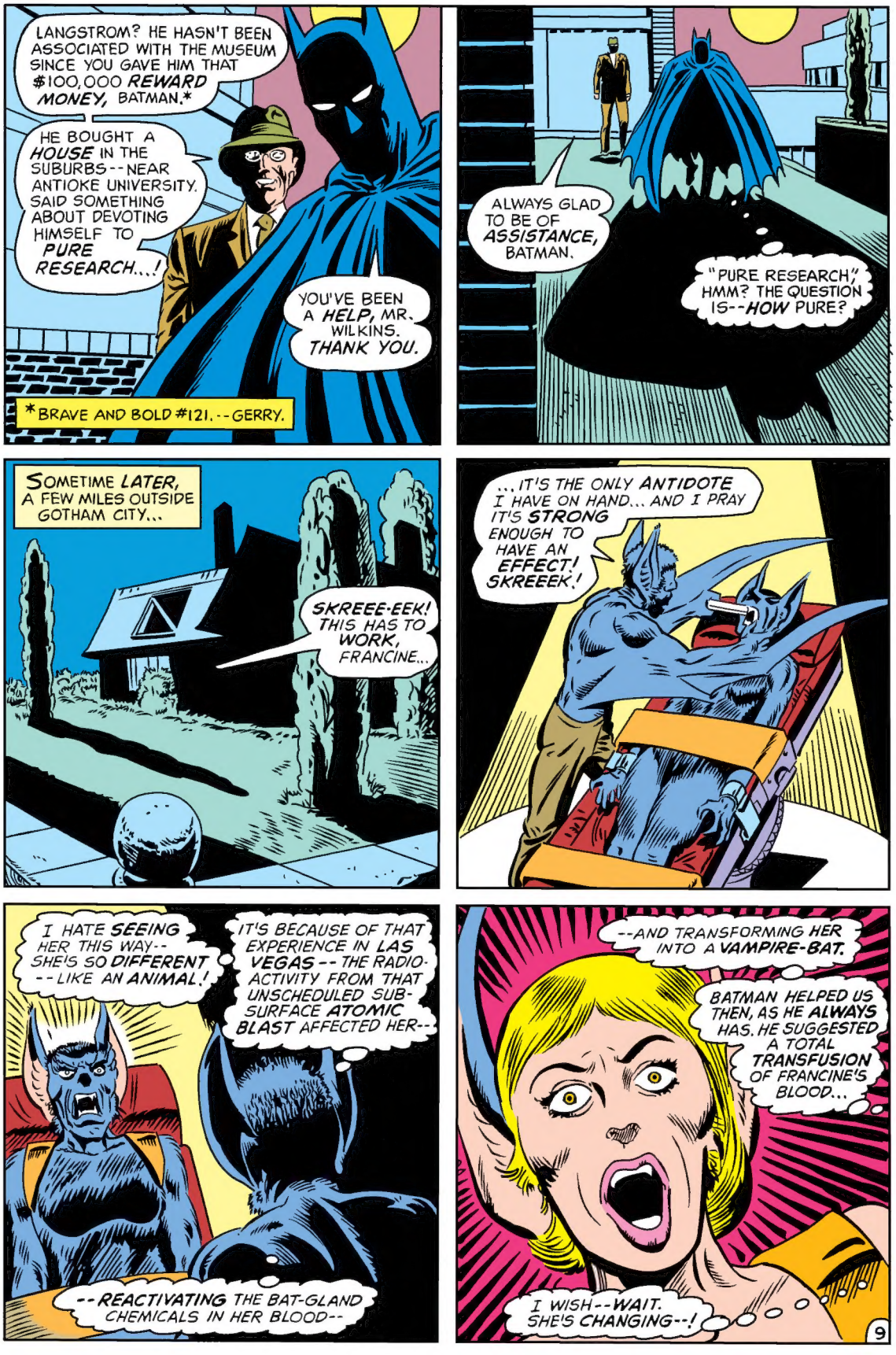
FOR THE PAST WEEK, TYME'S BEEN USING FRANCINE-- AND I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STOP HIM YET!
IF ONLY I COULD-- WAIT!
IT'S HER!
DARLING, DON'T--
SKREEEEEK!
THAT'S IT! TYME'S WON! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN FIND FRANCINE BEFORE HE FORCES HER TO KILL! NO WAY!
GET THE PICTURE, READER? WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT... BUT IF YOU'RE STILL NOT SURE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON, COME WITH US TO A POINT SEVERAL BLOCKS NORTH OF THE FRUSTRATED MAN-BAT...
...WHERE A HYPNOTICALLY-CONTROLLED SHE-BAT IS ABOUT TO COMMIT THE ULT'MATE CRIME...
...UNDER THE SPELL OF THE MYSTERIOUS BARON TYME.
YOU SEE THE MAN BEFORE YOU, FRANCINE!
ATTACK HIM, FRANCINE...
ATTACK AND KILL!
SKREEK
EH...? WHAT ...IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN...?

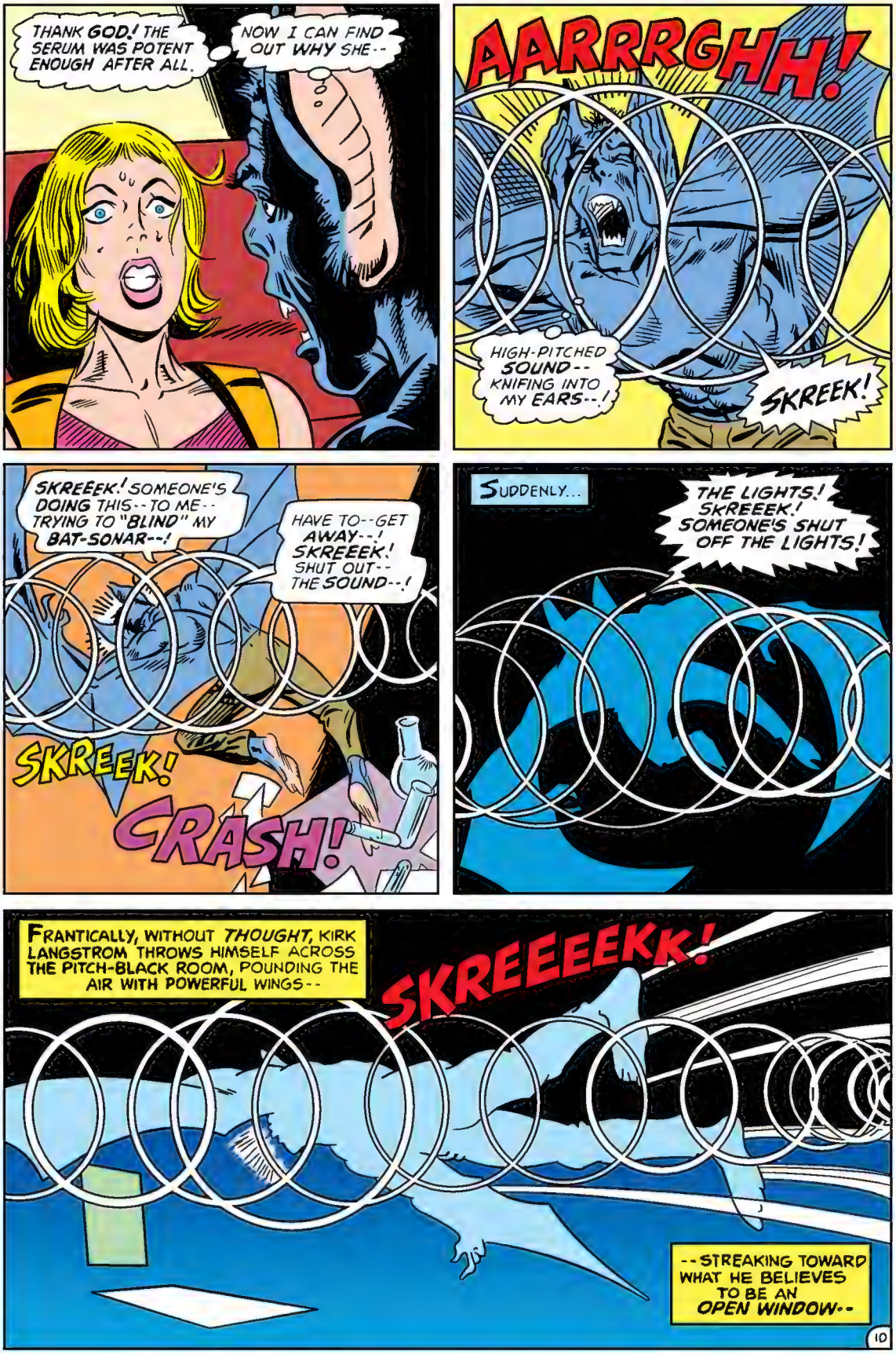

NO!
SKREEEK
SKREEEK
DESPERATELY, MAN-BAT GRAPPLES WITH THE FEMALE IN HIS ARMS--AND FEELS HER TURN, TWISTING-- STRUGGLING TO BE FREE--!
SKREEK! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, FRANCINE-- YOU CAN'T--!
FRANCINE LANGSTROM DOESN'T SEEM TO HEAR HER HUSBAND'S WORDS. HER FACE IS A BESTIAL MASK OF HATRED--
--AND HER EYES ARE STARKLY MAD!
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ME! DEAR LORD, WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO HER?
BARON TYME IS GOING TO SUFFER FOR THIS--
SKREEK
--HE'S GOING TO SUFFER!
WHOMP!
A MOMENT LATER, THERE'S A KIND OF SILENCE-- DEADLY SILENCE, BROKEN BY THE IMPACT OF A FRAIL BODY AGAINST A SIDEWALK, AND THE QUICK FLUTTER OF LEATHERY WINGS--!
SKREEK! DARLING--!
SHE'S JUST UNCONSCIOUS... BUT SHE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED.
IT'S TIME I LEARNED ALL I CAN... ABOUT TYME!
SKREEK! DON'T MOVE, MY FRIEND. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU...
TH-THIS IS INSANE...
INSANE!
5

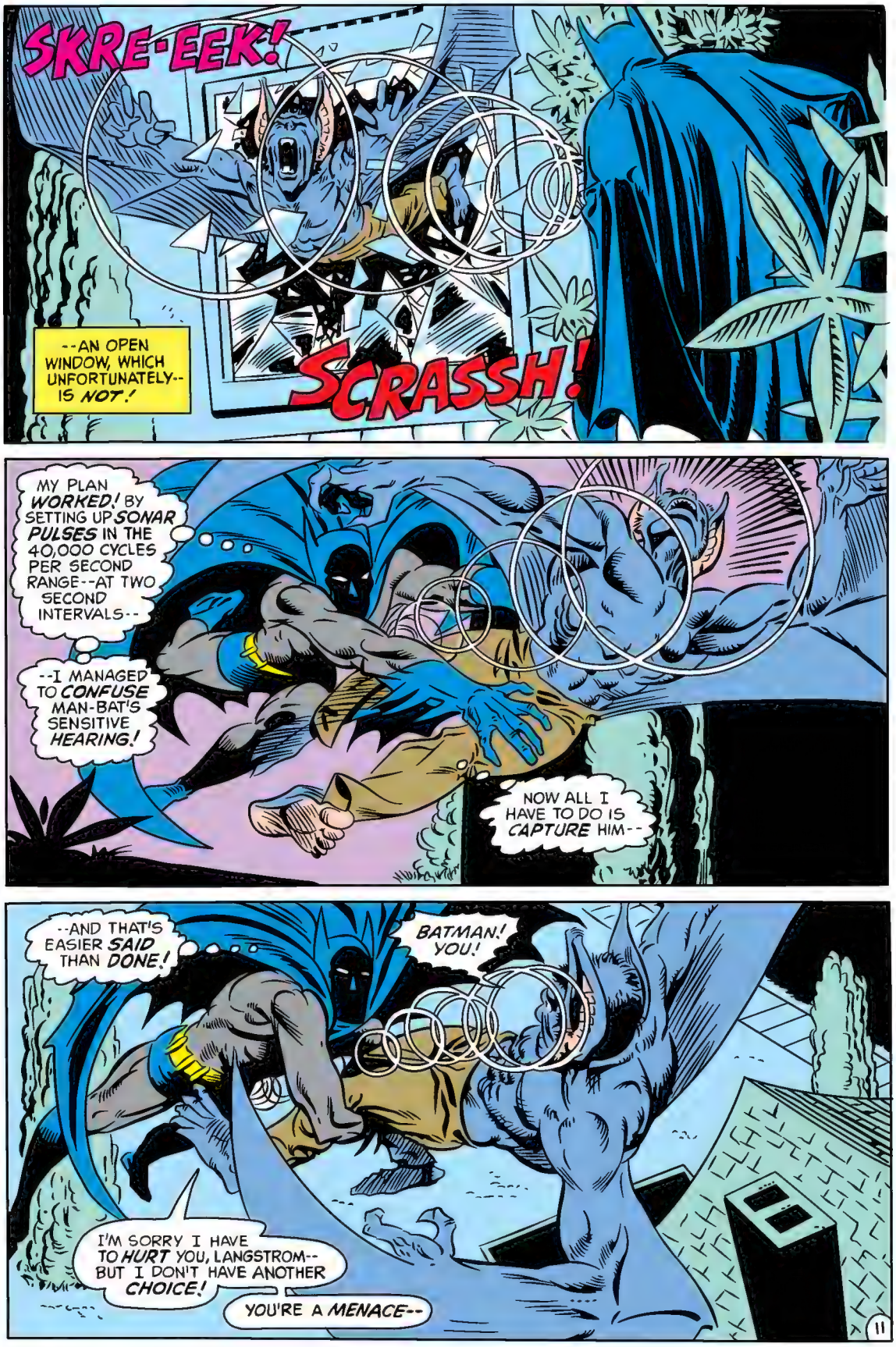
I AGREE WITH YOU-- SKREEEK! IT IS INSANE. YOU'D BE WISE TO FORGET IT EVER HAPPENED--
--AFTER YOU ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!
F-FIRST--YOU HAVE TO TELL ME! A-ARE YOU WEARING A MASK?
NO.
DEAR LORD... DEAR LORD... I FEEL ILL...
ONE: HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY--SKREEK! --DEALINGS WITH A MAN NAMED BARON TYME?
TWO: IF SO... WHY WOULD TYME WANT TO KILL YOU, MISTER--?
YOUR NAME--?
MY NAME? IT'S ARTHUR-- PROFESSOR RAYMOND ARTHUR.
A-AND YES... I DO KNOW A MAN NAMED TYME...BUT NOT "BARON" TYME. HE'S A COLLEAGUE OF MINE AT ANTIOKE UNIVERSITY.
CLEMENT TYME ... PROFESSOR OF MEDIEVAL HISTORY.
AS FOR CLEMENT TRYING TO KILL ME --IT-IT'S ABSURD.
I HAVEN'T A CLOSER FRIEND ON THE FACULTY!
THEN YOU HAVEN'T ANY FRIENDS, PROFESSOR. SKREEK!
FOR THE PAST WEEK THAT... AH... WOMAN HAS BEEN HUNTING AND KILLING MEN LIKE YOURSELF--
--ON THE ORDERS OF A MAN-- SKREEK!-- WHO CALLS HIMSELF BARON TYME!
IT CAN'T BE CLEMENT!
BELIEVE ME, HE HAS NO REASON TO WANT ME DEAD--UNLESS--
NO. IT ISN'T POSSIBLE.
WHAT ISN'T POSSIBLE? SKREEEK!
CLEMENT HAS A RATHER ODD LITTLE HOBBY, YOU SEE. HE--
SKRE-
EEK!

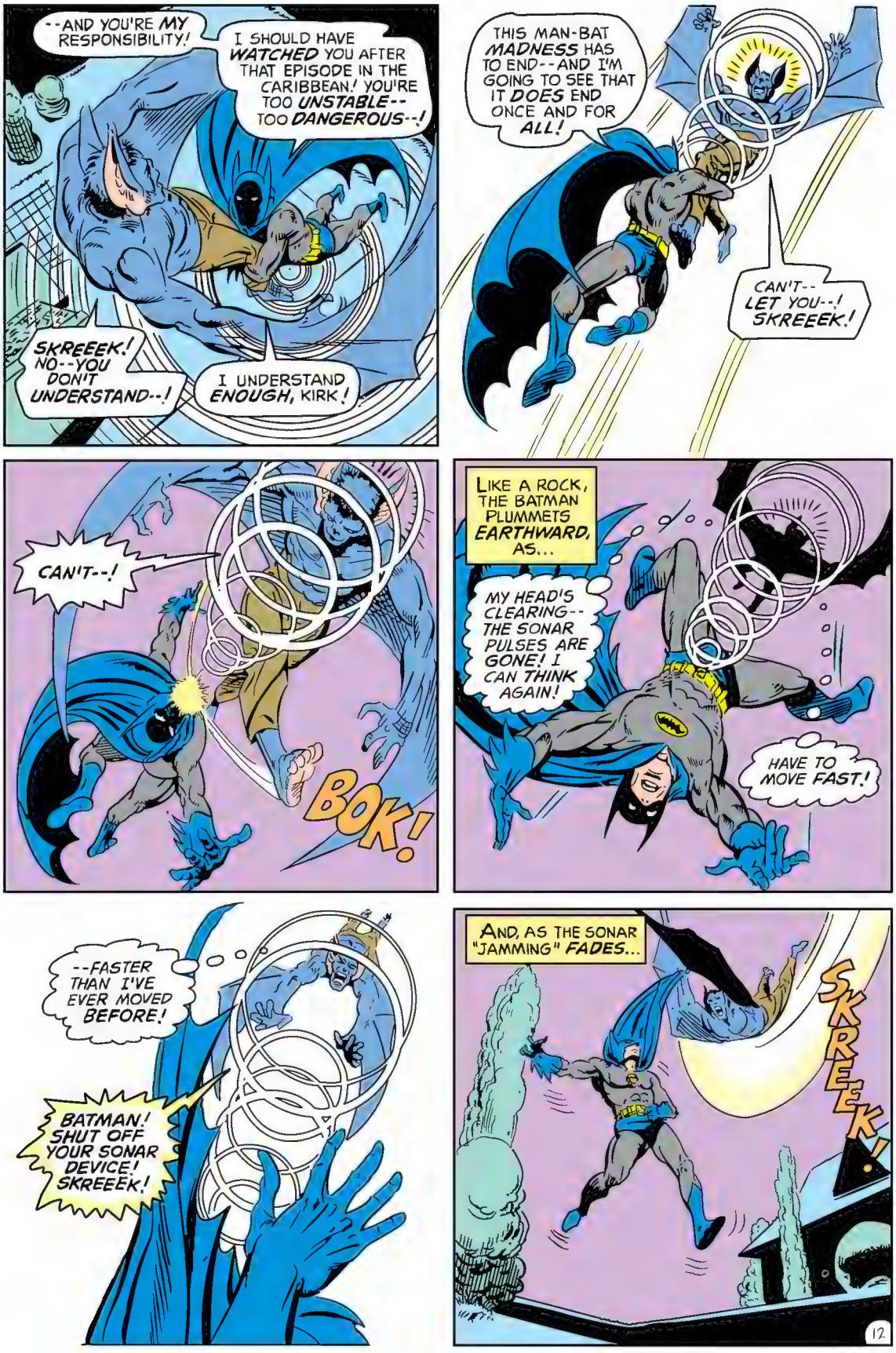
IT HAPPENS QUICKLY. A LUNGE OUT OF THE DARKNESS--
--A STARTLED GASP--
--VAMPIRE FANGS SINKING INTO FLESH--
WHAT--?
SKRTE
EEK!
--AND THAT QUICKLY, A MAN DIES.
OH, NO! NO! FRANCINE-- SKREEEK! --WHY--?
THUMP!
SKREEEK! BARON... TYME...
SKREEK
SKREEK
STILL CONFUSED? WHILE YOU CHECK THE FEATURE PAGE AT THE END OF THE ISSUE FOR MORE INFO ABOUT MAN-BAT--
--WE'LL TURN TO ANOTHER CAST MEMBER--
THE BATMAN!
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TEA, SIR?
I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE STAYING HOME AFTER ALL, ALFRED. THAT T.V. NEWS REPORT--
7

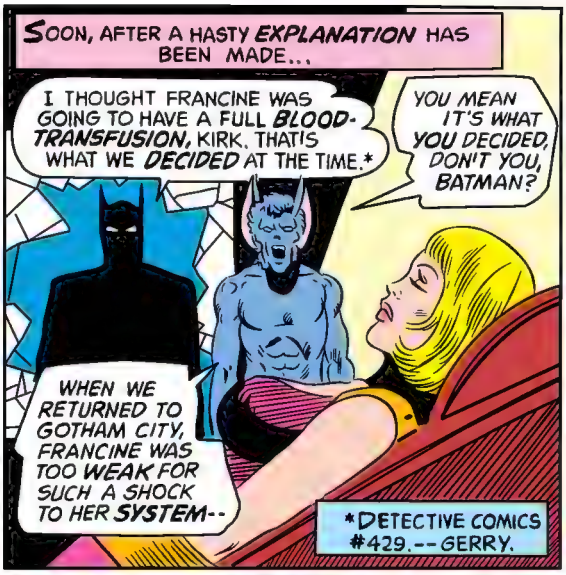

--ABOUT ANOTHER BAT-KILLING, LIKE THE ONE IN LAS VEGAS LAST YEAR.*
I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOWN THESE PAST FEW DAYS, TRACKING DOWN THE JOKER. IF I'D KNOWN ABOUT THESE KILLINGS--/ WELL, PERHAPS IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO HELP.
* DETECTIVE COMICS #429.-- GERRY.
DON'T BOTHER WAITING UP FOR ME, ALFRED...
...I MAY BE OUT ALL NIGHT!
SOON, OUTSIDE THE GOTHAM CITY MUSEUM...
SEEMS I LEAVE THIS PLACE LATER EVERY EVENING... IT'S ALMOST MORE OF A HOME THAN MY APARTMENT, NOW THAT MARTHA'S GONE
SOMETIMES I--EH? THAT SHADOW--?
YAAAHH
OH. OH-- BATMAN! IT'S YOU!
WERE YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE, MR. WILKINS?
EXPECTING ANYONE? NO--HARDLY. IT'S JUST, WITH ALL THESE KILLINGS-- AND THE RUMORS--
A MAN CAN GET-- WELL, TENSE.
I UNDERSTAND. ALL I NEED IS SOME INFORMATION--ABOUT KIRK LANGSTROM, YOUR NOCTURNAL MAMMALS EXPERT.


LANGSTROM? HE HASN'T BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE MUSEUM SINCE YOU GAVE HIM THAT $100,000 REWARD MONEY, BATMAN.*
HE BOUGHT A HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS--NEAR ANTIOKE UNIVERSITY. SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DEVOTING HIMSELF TO PURE RESEARCH...!
YOU'VE BEEN A HELP, MR. WILKINS. THANK YOU.
*BRAVE AND BOLD #121.--GERRY.
ALWAYS GLAD TO BE OF ASSISTANCE, BATMAN.
"PURE RESEARCH", HMM? THE QUESTION IS--HOW PURE?
SOMETIME LATER, A FEW MILES OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY...
SKREEE-EEK! THIS HAS TO WORK, FRANCINE...
...IT'S THE ONLY ANTIDOTE I HAVE ON HAND... AND I PRAY IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO HAVE AN EFFECT! SKREEEK!
I HATE SEEING HER THIS WAY--SHE'S SO DIFFERENT--LIKE AN ANIMAL!
IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT EXPERIENCE IN LAS VEGAS--THE RADIO-ACTIVITY FROM THAT UNSCHEDULED SUB-SURFACE ATOMIC BLAST AFFECTED HER--
--REACTIVATING THE BAT-GLAND CHEMICALS IN HER BLOOD--
--AND TRANSFORMING HER INTO A VAMPIRE-BAT.
BATMAN HELPED US THEN, AS HE ALWAYS HAS. HE SUGGESTED A TOTAL TRANSFUSION OF FRANCINE'S BLOOD...
I WISH--WAIT. SHE'S CHANGING--!

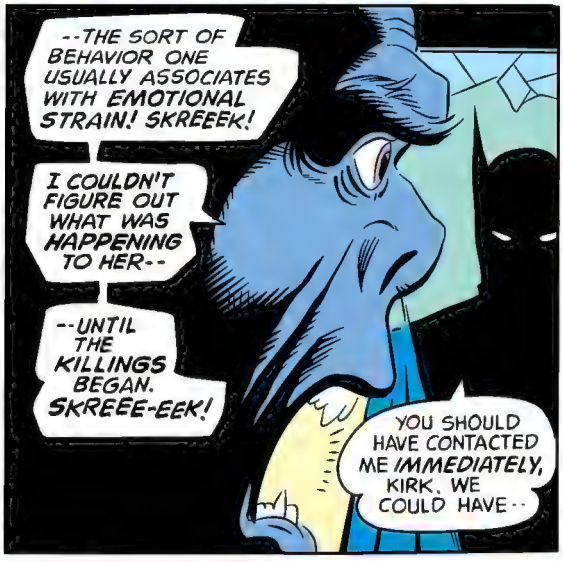

THANK GOD! THE SERUM WAS POTENT ENOUGH AFTER ALL.
NOW I CAN FIND OUT WHY SHE--
AARRRGHH!
HIGH-PITCHED SOUND-- KNIFING INTO MY EARS--!
SKREEK!
SKREEEK! SOMEONE'S DOING THIS--TO ME-- TRYING TO "BLIND" MY BAT-SONAR--!
HAVE TO--GET AWAY--! SKREEEK! SHUT OUT-- THE SOUND--!
SKREEK!
CRASH!
SUDDENLY...
THE LIGHTS! SKREEEK! SOMEONE'S SHUT OFF THE LIGHTS!
FRANTICALLY, WITHOUT THOUGHT, KIRK LANGSTROM THROWS HIMSELF ACROSS THE PITCH-BLACK ROOM, POUNDING THE AIR WITH POWERFUL WINGS--
SKREEEEEKK!
--STREAKING TOWARD WHAT HE BELIEVES TO BE AN OPEN WINDOW--


SKRE-EEK!
--AN OPEN WINDOW, WHICH UNFORTUNATELY-- IS NOT!
SCRASSH!
MY PLAN WORKED! BY SETTING UP SONAR PULSES IN THE 40,000 CYCLES PER SECOND RANGE--AT TWO SECOND INTERVALS--
--I MANAGED TO CONFUSE MAN-BAT'S SENSITIVE HEARING!
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CAPTURE HIM--
--AND THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE!
BATMAN! YOU!
I'M SORRY I HAVE TO HURT YOU, LANGSTROM-- BUT I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER CHOICE!
YOU'RE A MENACE--
11

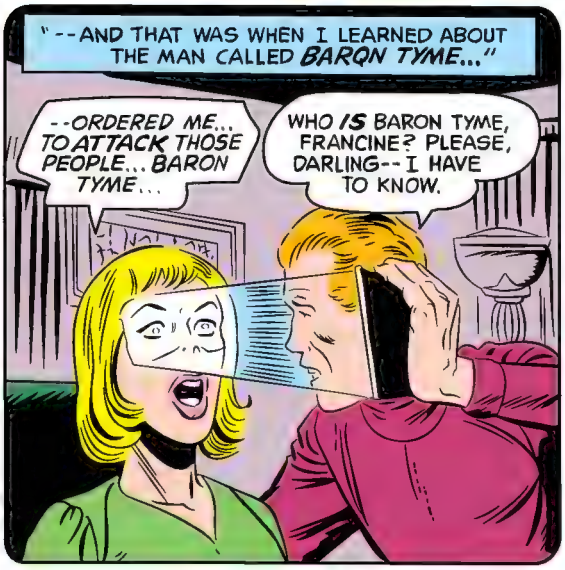

--AND YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY!
I SHOULD HAVE WATCHED YOU AFTER THAT EPISODE IN THE CARIBBEAN! YOU'RE TOO UNSTABLE--TOO DANGEROUS--!
SKREEEK! NO--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!
I UNDERSTAND ENOUGH, KIRK!
THIS MAN-BAT MADNESS HAS TO END--AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT IT DOES END ONCE AND FOR ALL!
CAN'T--LET YOU--! SKREEEK!
CAN'T--!
BOK!
LIKE A ROCK, THE BATMAN PLUMMETS EARTHWARD, AS...
MY HEAD'S CLEARING--THE SONAR PULSES ARE GONE! I CAN THINK AGAIN!
HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
--FASTER THAN I'VE EVER MOVED BEFORE!
BATMAN! SHUT OFF YOUR SONAR DEVICE! SKREEEK!
AND, AS THE SONAR "JAMMING" FADES...
SKREEK!
12

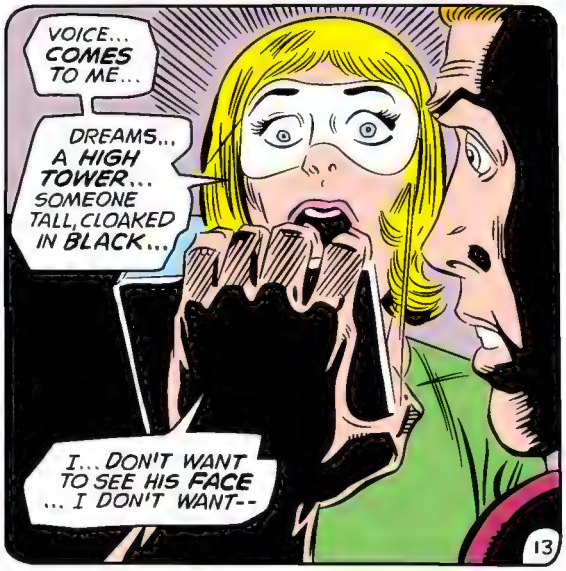

SOON, AFTER A HASTY EXPLANATION HAS BEEN MADE...
I THOUGHT FRANCINE WAS GOING TO HAVE A FULL BLOOD-TRANSFUSION, KIRK. THAT'S WHAT WE DECIDED AT THE TIME.*
YOU MEAN IT'S WHAT YOU DECIDED, DON'T YOU, BATMAN?
WHEN WE RETURNED TO GOTHAM CITY, FRANCINE WAS TOO WEAK FOR SUCH A SHOCK TO HER SYSTEM--
*DETECTIVE COMICS #429.--GERRY.

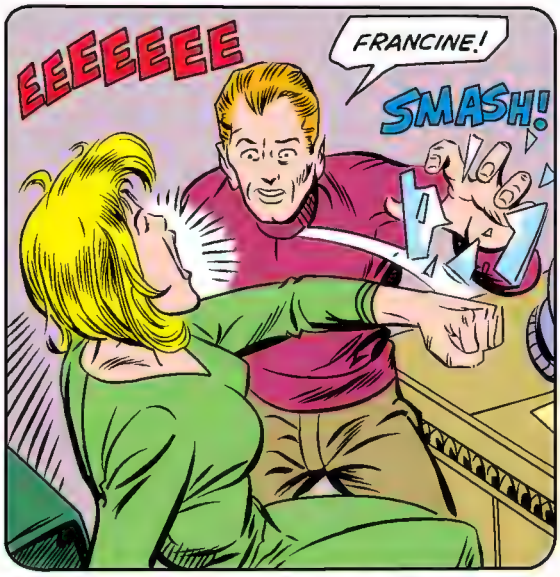
--AND SO WE MADE A DECISION TO WAIT!
IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE WRONG DECISION, BUT IT WAS OUR OWN.
TWO WEEKS AGO, SHE BEGAN ACTING ODDLY--SPELLS OF AMNESIA, BURSTS OF HYSTERICAL ANGER--

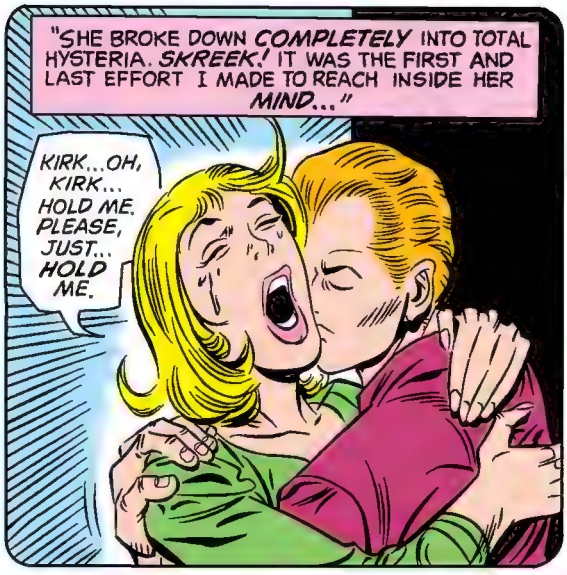

--THE SORT OF BEHAVIOR ONE USUALLY ASSOCIATES WITH EMOTIONAL STRAIN! SKREEEK!
I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER--
--UNTIL THE KILLINGS BEGAN. SKREEE-EEK!
YOU SHOULD HAVE CONTACTED ME IMMEDIATELY, KIRK. WE COULD HAVE--

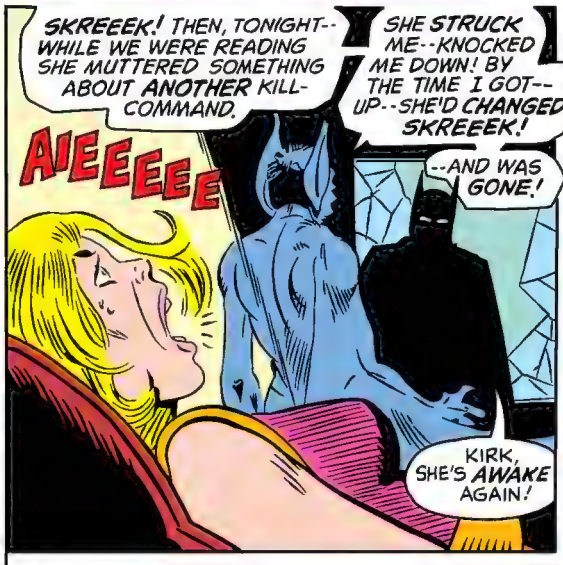
NO! YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, BATMAN. I WANTED TO HANDLE THIS PROBLEM ALONE.
I PUT HER UNDER HYPNOSIS--PROBED HER SUBCONSCIOUS--


"--AND THAT WAS WHEN I LEARNED ABOUT THE MAN CALLED BARON TYME..."
--ORDERED ME... TO ATTACK THOSE PEOPLE... BARON TYME...
WHO IS BARON TYME, FRANCINE? PLEASE, DARLING--I HAVE TO KNOW.


VOICE... COMES TO ME...
DREAMS... A HIGH TOWER... SOMEONE TALL, CLOAKED IN BLACK...
I... DON'T WANT TO SEE HIS FACE ... I DON'T WANT--

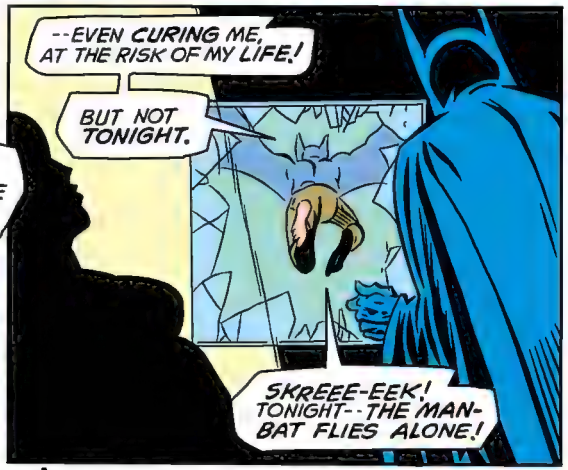



"SHE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY INTO TOTAL HYSTERIA. SKREEK! IT WAS THE FIRST AND LAST EFFORT I MADE TO REACH INSIDE HER MIND..."
KIRK...OH, KIRK... HOLD ME. PLEASE, JUST... HOLD ME.

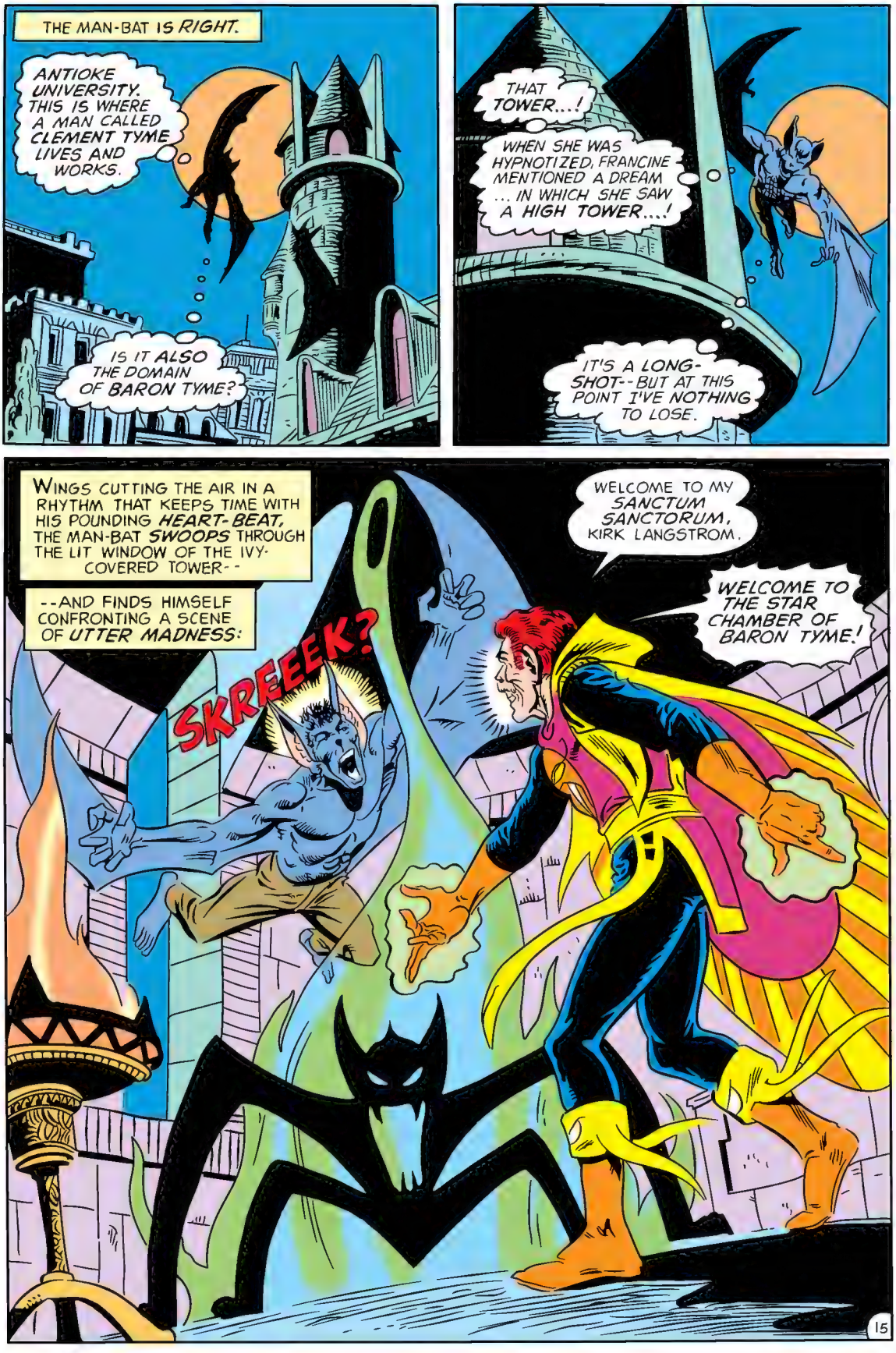

SKREEEK! THEN, TONIGHT-- WHILE WE WERE READING SHE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT ANOTHER KILL-COMMAND.
SHE STRUCK ME--KNOCKED ME DOWN! BY THE TIME I GOT-- UP--SHE'D CHANGED! SKREEEK!
AIEEEEEE
--AND WAS GONE!
KIRK, SHE'S AWAKE AGAIN!

IT'S TYME! SKREEEK! SOMEHOW, HE'S MANAGED TO GAIN CONTROL OF HER-- AND HAS BEEN USING HER TO KILL--!
HE HAS TO BE STOPPED! SKREEEK!
FIRST LET ME GIVE HER THIS SEDATIVE, KIRK...

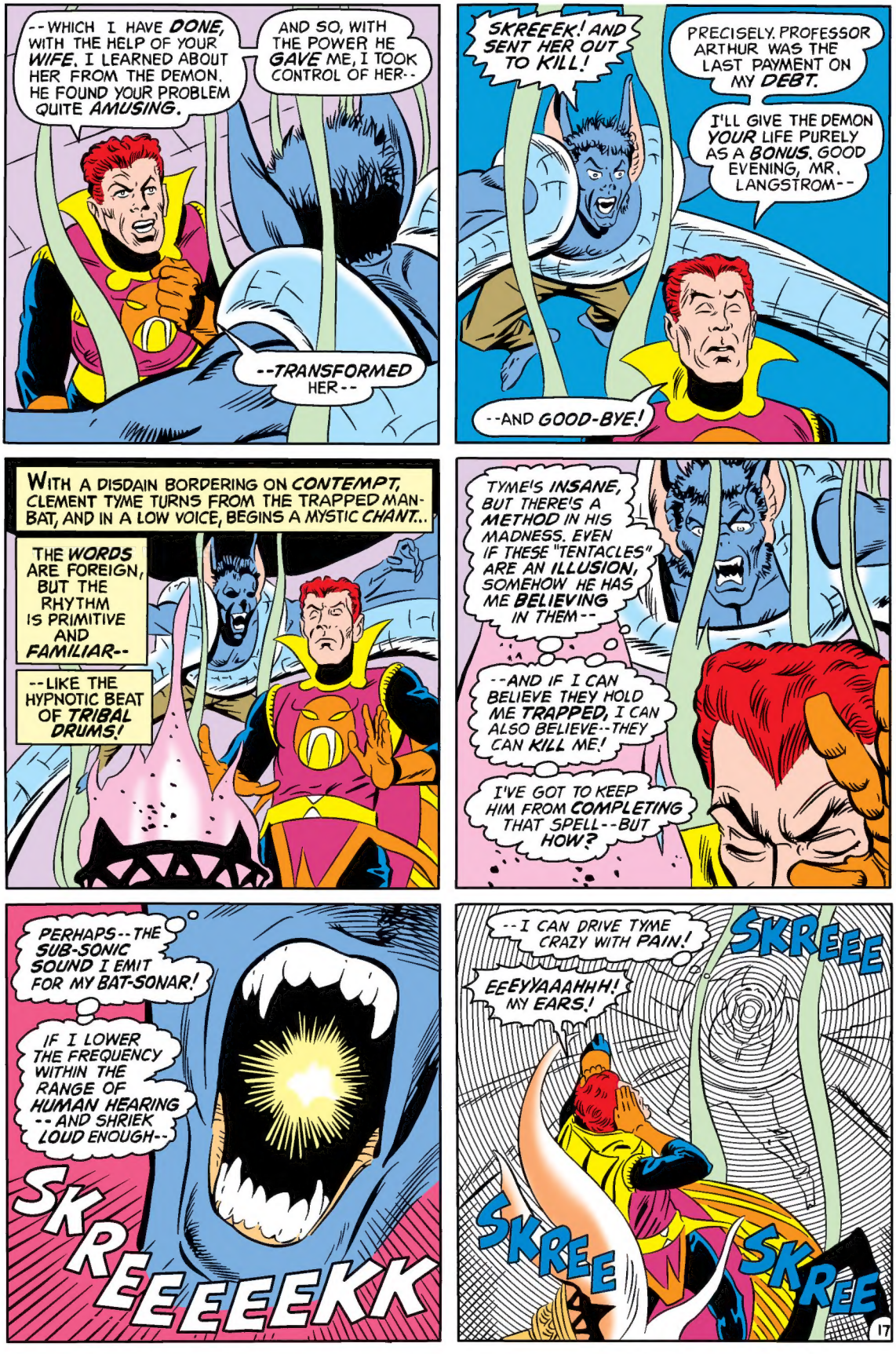
...THEN WE CAN TRACK DOWN THIS TYME CHARACTER, AND LEARN WHY--
NOT "WE," BATMAN. SKREEEK!
BARON TYME IS MINE. EVER SINCE I FIRST BECAME MAN-BAT, YOU'VE DOMINATED MY EXISTENCE --HELPING ME--

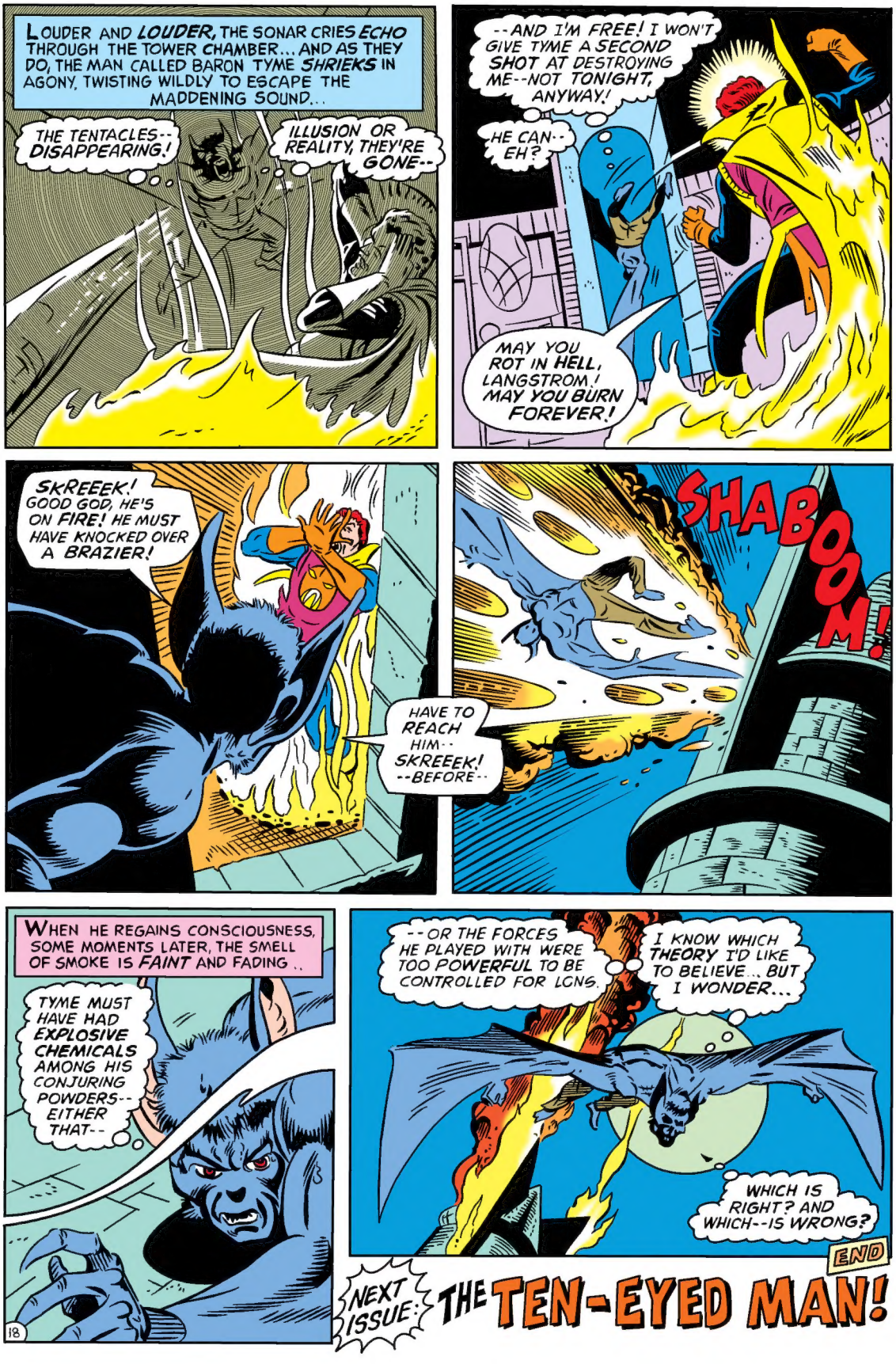


AND THOUGH THERE ARE MANY WAYS IN WHICH THE BATMAN COULD STOP KIRK LANGSTROM, HE DOES NOTHING--FOR IN HIS HEART, BATMAN KNOWS--


THE MAN-BAT IS RIGHT.
ANTIOKE UNIVERSITY. THIS IS WHERE A MAN CALLED CLEMENT TYME LIVES AND WORKS.
IS IT ALSO THE DOMAIN OF BARON TYME?
THAT TOWER...!
WHEN SHE WAS HYPNOTIZED, FRANCINE MENTIONED A DREAM ... IN WHICH SHE SAW A HIGH TOWER...!
IT'S A LONG-SHOT--BUT AT THIS POINT I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE.
WINGS CUTTING THE AIR IN A RHYTHM THAT KEEPS TIME WITH HIS POUNDING HEART-BEAT, THE MAN-BAT SWOOPS THROUGH THE LIT WINDOW OF THE IVY-COVERED TOWER--
--AND FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTING A SCENE OF UTTER MADNESS:
SKREEEK?
WELCOME TO MY SANCTUM SANCTORUM, KIRK LANGSTROM.
WELCOME TO THE STAR CHAMBER OF BARON TYME!

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I'D BE EXPECTED TO PERFORM CERTAIN COURTESIES--PERHAPS OFFER YOU A DRINK, CERTAINLY EXTEND MY WELCOME.
NO DOUBT, YOU RECOGNIZE THE FACT THAT THESE ARE NOT NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES.
THUS, I MUST FORGO MY MANNERS--
--AND ATTACK YOU, INSTEAD!
SKREEEK! TENTACLES--COMING OUT OF THE WALLS? SKREE-EEK!
SO. THAT SETTLES THAT, EH, LANGSTROM?
FROM THE BEGINNING, YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE BEEN REMARKABLY EASY TO MANIPULATE. I'VE USED YOU LIKE PUPPETS--
--AND NOT TILL THE VERY END OF MY PLAN, DID YOU EVEN COME CLOSE TO DISCOVERING MY IDENTITY.
INDEED... YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'VE DONE WHAT I'VE DONE.
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, LANGSTROM... FOR POWER! NOT EARTHLY, MATERIAL POWER--
--THE POWER OF SORCERY. THE POWER OF BLACK MAGIC!
"QUITE SOME WHILE AGO, I BEGAN A HOBBY--THE STUDY OF MEDIEVAL "MAGIC"--THE ART OF ALCHEMY, THE SCIENCE OF SORCERY--
"--WHAT MOST MEN CALL MYTHOLOGY.
"I LEARNED SOMETHING ODD, LANGSTROM..."
"I LEARNED THAT THERE WAS TRUTH WITHIN THE MYTH... THAT THERE IS A SCIENCE TO SORCERY, A SCIENCE OLDER THAN MANKIND.
"I EXPERIMENTED WITH CERTAIN TEXTS--
"--AND I SUCCEEDED IN SUMMONING A HELL-SPAWN!"
SKREEEK! AND THEN, TYME? WHAT DID YOU DO NEXT?
I KNOW YOU DON'T TRULY BELIEVE ME, LANGSTROM--DESPITE YOUR PREDICAMENT. FRANKLY, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU BELIEVE.
I MADE A BARGAIN WITH THE DEMON I CONJURED. IN RETURN FOR A GRANT OF POWER, I WOULD SUPPLY HIM WITH HUMAN LIVES--


--WHICH I HAVE DONE, WITH THE HELP OF YOUR WIFE, I LEARNED ABOUT HER FROM THE DEMON. HE FOUND YOUR PROBLEM QUITE AMUSING.
AND SO, WITH THE POWER HE GAVE ME, I TOOK CONTROL OF HER--
--TRANSFORMED HER--
SKREEEK! AND SENT HER OUT TO KILL!
PRECISELY. PROFESSOR ARTHUR WAS THE LAST PAYMENT ON MY DEBT.
I'LL GIVE THE DEMON YOUR LIFE PURELY AS A BONUS. GOOD EVENING, MR. LANGSTROM--
--AND GOOD-BYE!
WITH A DISDAIN BORDERING ON CONTEMPT, CLEMENT TYME TURNS FROM THE TRAPPED MAN-BAT, AND IN A LOW VOICE, BEGINS A MYSTIC CHANT...
THE WORDS ARE FOREIGN, BUT THE RHYTHM IS PRIMITIVE AND FAMILIAR--
--LIKE THE HYPNOTIC BEAT OF TRIBAL DRUMS!
TYME'S INSANE, BUT THERE'S A METHOD IN HIS MADNESS. EVEN IF THESE "TENTACLES" ARE AN ILLUSION, SOMEHOW HE HAS ME BELIEVING IN THEM--
--AND IF I CAN BELIEVE THEY HOLD ME TRAPPED, I CAN ALSO BELIEVE--THEY CAN KILL ME!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM FROM COMPLETING THAT SPELL--BUT HOW?
PERHAPS--THE SUB-SONIC SOUND I EMIT FOR MY BAT-SONAR!
IF I LOWER THE FREQUENCY WITHIN THE RANGE OF HUMAN HEARING --AND SHRIEK LOUD ENOUGH--
SKREEEEEKK
--I CAN DRIVE TYME CRAZY WITH PAIN!
SKREEE
EEEYYAAAHHH! MY EARS!
SKREE
SKREE
17


LOUDER AND LOUDER, THE SONAR CRIES ECHO THROUGH THE TOWER CHAMBER... AND AS THEY DO, THE MAN CALLED BARON TYME SHRIEKS IN AGONY, TWISTING WILDLY TO ESCAPE THE MADDENING SOUND...
THE TENTACLES--DISAPPEARING!
ILLUSION OR REALITY, THEY'RE GONE--
--AND I'M FREE! I WON'T GIVE TYME A SECOND SHOT AT DESTROYING ME--NOT TONIGHT, ANYWAY!
HE CAN--EH?
MAY YOU ROT IN HELL, LANGSTROM! MAY YOU BURN FOREVER!
SKREEEK! GOOD GOD, HE'S ON FIRE! HE MUST HAVE KNOCKED OVER A BRAZIER!
HAVE TO REACH HIM--SKREEEK! --BEFORE--
SHABOOM!
WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, SOME MOMENTS LATER, THE SMELL OF SMOKE IS FAINT AND FADING..
TYME MUST HAVE HAD EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS AMONG HIS CONJURING POWDERS--EITHER THAT--
--OR THE FORCES HE PLAYED WITH WERE TOO POWERFUL TO BE CONTROLLED FOR LONG.
I KNOW WHICH THEORY I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE.. BUT I WONDER...
WHICH IS RIGHT? AND WHICH--IS WRONG?
END
NEXT ISSUE: THE TEN-EYED MAN!
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5 YEARS EXPERIENCE

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

ADAM & AL